

# Fables of Ophelia; or, Wunst Upon a Time

By Clare Victor Dwiggins

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## The New Plays

"Rebellion"  
a Play That Will  
Be Talked About.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

TWO things that stood out at Maxine Elliott's Theatre last night were the striking young beauty of Miss Gertrude Elliott and the even more striking young darling of Joseph Medill Patterson, whose latest play "Rebellion" both surprised and startled the audience.

With the audacity of youth Mr. Patterson does not hesitate to attack a subject without gloves, whether it be the idle rich, the influence of the press, or the attitude of the Church on divorce as in this case. In "Rebellion" at least there is no compromise, even though "The Fourth Estate" did finally go to press with a happy ending. After yielding to the pleadings of the priest by taking

back her worthless husband, Georgia Connor in the end tells Father Hervey that she will marry Mason Stevens when she has secured a divorce from the drunkard who has brought her only misery. Obviously, the keynote of all Mr. Patterson's plays is sensationalism. This young Chicagoan is apparently intent upon causing a stir in the world by kicking up discussions that may prove to his material advantage, if nothing more. Their crude directness makes his plays interesting, but not works of art. He is still a dramatist in the raw, a workman whose skill hardly justifies his enterprise.

While both sides of the argument are brought out in "Rebellion," the play is not quite as much to say as the wife, it is impossible to remain blind to the fact that the author has taken an extreme case to support Georgia Connor's assertion that the Church is wrong in not allowing divorce. Georgia goes out to work only to have the money she brings home stolen by the dissolute Jim. She packs her trunk and announces to her horrified mother that she is going to live with her good and all. But she takes him back at the instant demands of her mother and the priest, even though she loathes him and has learned to care for the honest, young insurance collector who has known her as "Miss" Connor in the office where they are employed. She remains obedient to the Church from sheer force of inherited reverence.

The scene in which Georgia tells Stevens that she is not going back to work and says good-bye to him has a fine simplicity that is not borne out generally for the language of a cheap Chicago flat, is not always consistent with its characters. Stevens, with his allusion to "the cave man," and Georgia speaking of "the predatory male" or calling her child "my little immortality," are not convincing. And Georgia moving out at half-past five in the morning, before her mother and young brother fairly get their eyes open, doesn't seem quite true to life. The scene for breakfast can hardly be gauged, even in a play.

But in choosing this moment for his little tragedy the author reveals a grim sense of realism that is unforgettable. The harrowing scene of the baby's death, the picture of the little girl, the eldest child, and the last rites, and the mother weeping in the dimly lit background, is a deeply gripping. The last scene, in which the husband is driven to drink and then dies, is a masterpiece of dramatic effect. The scene in which the husband is driven to drink and then dies, is a masterpiece of dramatic effect.

Against the busy background of the sordid play Miss Elliott's delicately molded head and nose stood out like a canvas. Her dark beauty seemed a new spell laid upon the play. It was good to see her for her role she made Georgia simple and sincere and displayed emotional force that came as a revelation. In the stress of her emotions, however, she was inclined to draw out her words at such length as almost to ruin the dramatic effect. Otherwise her performance rang true. In short, Miss Elliott scored a triumph. The light of the new star shone clearly and brilliantly. Incidentally, Miss Elliott sang a negro melody very charmingly in one of the lighter moments of the play.

The acting generally was excellent. Mrs. Eva Vincent seemed a fixture of the flat as Georgia's mother, George Parren was quite as real in another way as the drunken husband, and George LeGuere played the young brother with boyish enthusiasm, though occasionally with too much the air of a spoiled child. Philip Mitchell completely called the character of the priest. A good quality was strain-forward and much as the lover, but as hopelessly foolish that it was impossible to overlook his unfitness for the part.

"Rebellion" is a play that will be talked about. And it will be interesting to hear what people have to say.

Gertrude Elliott

## Babbling Bess

By Harry Palmer

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**COLOR TRANSITION.** An aged colored man was engaged in burning the grass off the lawn of a young broker when the latter returned to his home, and, thinking to have some fun with the old man, said: "Sambo, if you burn that grass, the entire lawn will be as black as you are." "Dat's all right sah," responded the negro. "Some of dese days dat grass grow up an' be as green as you are." —Judge.

**REVENGE.** "That fellow cut me out in a very undemand way." "Yet you are going to the wedding." "Yes; I may get a chance to soak him with an old shoe." —Exchange.

**MODERN CONDITIONS.** "The cave man used to seize his mate by the hair of her head." "That procedure today would merely get him a collection of puffs, not a wife."

## THE STRANGLER

A Great Parisian Mystery Romance,  
Printed for the First Time in English

By Albert Boissiere

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**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS.** Maitre Julien, who is a French student, is a student of law at the University of Paris. He is a student of law at the University of Paris. He is a student of law at the University of Paris.

**CHAPTER II.**  
(Continued.)  
**She Who is Expected Does Not Come.**

HE nervously rubbed the glasses of his spectacles, readjusted them with a sharp jerk, and looked at me with a questioning rather than malicious expression.

"If you think you are dealing with an old blockhead, you are mistaken, my good friend! And as to drinking me off on the trail of a drama of passion, there's nothing doing about that! I know on what I can depend."

The enormity of these last words was so apparent that the clerk could not help smiling, and Maitre Julien, my lawyer, looked at me rather anxiously. Doubtless he saw the attorney's feeling for addressing himself familiarly to him, he added:

"You may well think that I care little about you by no means interesting client! Let him persist in offering us an algebraic problem by not disclosing his real identity, that is the least of my anxieties. Let him call himself Nebuchadnezzar or Louis XIV. Why should it disturb me? After all, Z is very nice, simple and in good taste! Besides, that is not the Gordian knot of the affair! The only interesting person in this drama is the widow!"

"She is the most charming woman in the world, she is a perfect angel of purity, whose equal I have never met in my long and laborious career." "Now, under these circumstances, my duty is completely traced out! You do not imagine that I am going to conduct such an examination with the ordinary methods! Exceptional cases require exceptional treatment. I declare frankly, my dear Maitre Julien, that I call myself, from this time, M. Grenet's lawyer. I shall be for a time the widow's defender."

Then, pointing to me with a gesture of disdain, he said scornfully: "I leave to you the care of looking after the orphan!"

"I repeat that I have no desire to introduce the slightest pleasantness into the narrative of my terrible story. But I am obliged to be scrupulously sincere in order to be truthful."

"It is my fault if the amazing M. Marathion instantly went on, without stopping for breath, turning toward me: 'Ah! my fine fellow, you don't know me! I have investigated matters in the province quite as complicated as yours—some of a buffoon, a little like you, who went about carrying in his valise the severed head of a living woman. You don't understand! That is evident. You are not an examining magistrate. I had charge of the case of the Van Brynmaers, in which neither the murderer nor the murdered man was ever discovered. Don't laugh. All that was in the province! In Paris I did not have the best luck with the assassination of Mme. Marathion, the innocent and unfortunate wife—whose imprint on the victim's neck is like the signature of the criminal! I admit that your part may be limited to listening to M. Grenet to the point of the dining room to simulate a suicide by hanging! But, by Jove! have the courage to describe your part!"

"I am going to be a good fellow. Besides, I want to set you at your ease. I, the examining magistrate, am going to ask you with the story of how and through whose complicity you have executed your admirable crime. In the first place, what took you to Rheims during the famous aviation week?"

And you have one merit, that you rid this charming woman of a sort of sharper—a fellow somewhat of your own type—the Comte de Palluelin!" "Who is this Comte de Palluelin?" "That does not prevent this woman from having led, Your Honor."

"Like all women, she takes it!" replied the worthy man, with much warmth. "What does that prove?" "That to a clear-sighted mind there are just as many idle charges against her as against my client, and that the mystery remains complete."

"The mystery will be cleared up in ten minutes by my watch!" said the Judge, benignly. "In ten minutes M. Grenet will be here and will amuse every one, she promised me that on the faith of an honest widow."

"One of the attendants in the building opened the door at this instant, which at once cut short the flow of the verbiage M. Marathion's words. 'Mme. Grenet, eh?' he said, blushing immoderately. 'Yes, Your Honor,' replied the man, 'it is from Mme. Grenet.'"

"A thousand thanks, my friend, for my eyes. I thought I should faint. For what inconceivable reason? I should not know how to explain."

"But I recovered my composure on hearing the attendant reply: 'Mme. Grenet will not come. She has sent this letter to your Honor.'"

"Then what I saw, disturbed and alarmed me beyond everything. I saw M. Marathion, the examining Magistrate, from red turn strangely pale. I saw letter Mme. Grenet had sent him. I saw him unfold the sheet and slowly glance through it. I saw M. Marathion, from pale become frightfully livid. He seemed to have suddenly lost his speech. His eyes no longer had a human expression. He fell back in his chair, opening the phrenic lips, whose line looked like the slit in a money box, like a gaping slit out of water."

Then, passing Mme. Grenet's letter to my lawyer, he made a tremendous effort to speak in an expressionless, stifled voice:

"I say," retorted M. Marathion bitterly, "attend to your own affairs! I know what I am talking about, I suppose. This charming Mme. Grenet is innocent. I myself affirm it!"

The lovely image of Mme. Grenet passed before my eyes. She seemed to command from my mind a similar declaration. And I mechanically repeated the magistrate's words:

"Mme. Grenet is innocent!" "My lawyer seemed irritated by my unreasonable intervention and insisted: 'That does not prevent this woman from having led, Your Honor.'"

"Like all women, she takes it!" replied the worthy man, with much warmth. "What does that prove?" "That to a clear-sighted mind there are just as many idle charges against her as against my client, and that the mystery remains complete."

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## The Day's Good Stories

**Not a Dead Beat.**  
A CHARMING tale tells the following story: "A young man came up to me one day and said: 'Pardon, I want you to marry me next Wednesday.'"

"All right, I'll marry you." "And I want the church bell to ring." "Yes, you can have the church bell rung." "And the organ played." "All right, you can have the organ." "And I want everybody to say that I am a church wedding." "You shall have it."

"Well, the day came, the bell rang, the organ played, the church was crowded and everything went off as the young couple wanted it. When the ceremony was over the young couple walked instead of leaving the church. So I shook hands with the bride and then held my hand out to the bridegroom."

He had his hand deep in his trousers pocket, and as I stood with mine out he said, somewhat hesitatingly, and in a tone that could be heard all over the church:

"I'm getting the money out as fast as I can." "Then everybody in the church, giggled." "Yes, that's right."

**No Instructions Necessary.**  
A MOND the passengers booked for a recent transatlantic trip of a steamer running from New York to a Southern port were a splendid-looking little man and his equally third-looking little wife.

One of the first of the many questions put to the captain of the vessel by the little woman was:

"Could you, sir, tell my husband what to do in case of an attack of seasickness? He is particularly liable to such attacks. What must he do?" "It isn't necessary to tell him what to do, sir," said the old captain grimly. "He'll do it—by himself."

**The Way of It.**  
THE street car was held up while the coal was being shoveled. After fifteen minutes the late old gentleman could stand it no longer. "Great guns!" he exclaimed. "This is the worst I've seen yet in this town! I suppose they couldn't find a man to shovel the coal, now, could they?"

"If they did, I reckon it wouldn't hold the fifteen hundred pounds of coal they're giving us for a few days longer." —Philadelphia Times.

**A Sure Sign.**  
LETTERS is a subject that is sometimes somewhat delicate. A recent examination of the State Under Secretary, among the questions asked of him, was the following one:

"What do you consider as an infallible sign of death?"

"Craps on the door," answered one.

(To Be Continued.)